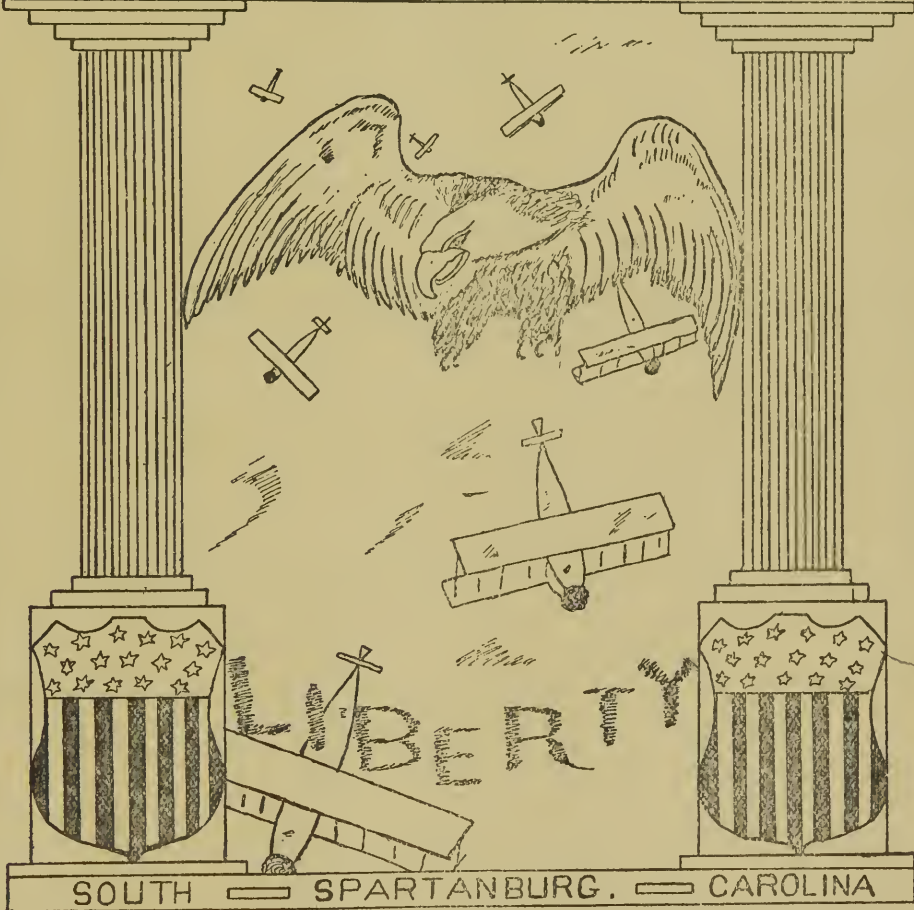


August 15, 1919.

BIAND-FORYU

PUB. SEMI-MONTHLY. U.S. ARMY GEN. HOSP. NO. 42 BY THE ENLISTED MEN.



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he said, "and have had your hardships during these months of training, but I must tell you frankly that they are now but to begin. From now on your hardships and trials will grow ever worse until the war is won. Set out with a brave heart then and I have implicit trust that each and every one will, by that time, have gloriously done his part." You see he was a veteran of the War of '98.

The next day the train of 13 tourist, 2 mess and 2 freight cars backed in near our barracks and within an hour we were off for our 7,000 mile journey to the "Front," where at that time Americans were so sorely needed. The cars were filled three to a section by the members of the battalion with their packs festooned from the hat hooks along the aisle. None grasped the fact, until time for the noon meal, that this was to be more than an ordinary railroad journey. At mess we realized that our little seats were to be our homes for six days, for instead of going to chow it came to us, sometimes by the ladle full on our breeches, sometimes on our hands and again on the floor, depending on which way the car lurched, how skilful was the K. P. and how still one could hold his meat pan and coffee cup. By the next meal the folding panels for separating the sections were universally used as tables, which helped matters considerably. And they tell me the cooks too were having their troubles keeping enough water in the square quartermaster boilers to make the coffee.

Each day the train made a stop of from one to two hours and the time was used to the best of our ability in limbering up our legs and arms, especially in places like Green River, Wyoming, where one platoon of Company "C" ascended an eight hundred foot butte not far from the station.

By the end of the third day we began to strike the congested roads of the middle west (the movement of troops to France by the hundred thousand was just beginning) and we were fortunate enough to travel over a track made, we all would solemnly swear, of cross ties laid six

inches apart without rails. The strain of fatigue was beginning to tell altho our spirits were still perfect and we hoped for a relaxation at Chicago, with an opportunity for those who had never been there to do a bit of sight seeing. But here was our first big disappointment---the train took us around that great city, and every city thereafter until we reached Camp Merritt, so that except for pastoral scenes we were no wiser than when we left Tacoma. Thus ended the first of the three stages of the journey.

At Camp Merritt we began to really learn of the immensity of the war. While some of us were arranging at the Q. M. for equipment for the organization a truck train drew up to the warehouses, having come from Hoboken. Because of the lack of room at Merritt a division had gone directly to their vessels without new clothing. Among other things loaded on those trucks in the next two or three hours was an item of twenty thousand pairs of shoes.

At six in the morning of the third day the Battalion was formed in heavy marching order, ready, in truth, to march away to war as was attested by the steel helmet hanging to the back of each man's pack. Tense excitement and a partial realization of the meaning of it all kept the ranks silent even when "At Rest." Roll call showed all present and a train was soon carrying us down the valley to Hoboken where, during the long tiresome wait on the pier for the "shelf" (berth) numbers to be given out to each, we first made our acquaintance with the Red Cross. As the coffee and rolls given us were our only breakfast except for a sandwich made in our kitchen the day before and everyone had been working feverishly since three A. M. a vivid memory of those young women lingered many a day. As far as I know not a man had yet had a glimpse of New York and its sky line and all were hoping to at least see it as we passed down the river but five minutes before the vessel cast loose all hands were ordered below, and little would anyone have dreamed, as he watched that silent ship slip out

late in the afternoon, that she held two thousand soldiers below her decks.

After taking stock we realized quite thoroly the truth of the Captain's words. This was the second stage of the journey and its comforts were so far inferior to those of the three-in-a-section-tourist-car-trip of six days that we hardly cared to remember the latter. It made us too homesick. Our ship was recognized by several from San Francisco as an old freighter which had been carrying sugar from Honolulu. This was her first trip with troops and in the rush was being sent over unequipped with such trifles as a ventilation system--fortunately it was not July especially on the two nights near the Gulf Stream when a storm made it necessary to have all the hatches battened down.

There were two decks occupied by soldiers and they were fitted with iron stanchions holding iron pipe and canvas shelves for beds (there were no mattresses in those days) to such an extent that only half the occupants could turn in or out at once. There were three tiers of these bunks which were two feet apart and the aisle between the two rows of tiers varied in width from eight to twenty inches. Imagine if you can three hundred men sleeping in a room sixty feet by eighty and practically without an opening to the outer world. If Dante's infernal regions had anything on the heat and the foul stench caused by these three hundred naked, sweating human beings, I would advise no one to visit there.

The greatest blessing of each night was the abandon ship drill at four A. M. which gave us an opportunity, longed for since being "piped below," to get on deck once more for the next day. Much to our surprise, very few were seasick altho nearly all were land-lubbers and as far as I know no one reported at "Sick Call" which shows that the authorities had been correct when they figured it as humanly possible to exist under the conditions.

The monotony was broken now and then but,

to the relief of us all, not by a submarine. In mid ocean, there was a days target practice when we watched the gunners try to sink the mimic "subs" towed behind a sister ship and there were other vessels which joined our convoy during the nights. But the awe inspiring event occured one morning when, at about eight o'clock as a heavy fog lifted from the water we saw about us rolling and pitching in the angry sea the eleven protecting destroyers for which we had been longing. To all of us it was a mystery, and ever will be, how, on a black foggy night these little protectors picked us up and distributed themselves evenly around our thirteen vessels carrying 42,000 human lives. This still more made us feel that this war in which we were to take part was beyond the comprehension of one man's mind.

The final touch to the trip came when, long before we had sighted land, hydro-airplanes began to fly overhead and disappear on the horizon every fifteen or twenty minutes as they passed on their eternal vigil. After three days' waiting to be debarked at Brest the second stage of our journey was over.

We were beginning to realize that we were soldiers.

Singing Bad News

Among the passengers on board a ship crossing the Atlantic recently was a man who stuttered. One day he went to the captain of the ship to speak to him.

"S-s-s-s-s," stuttered the man.

"Oh, I can't be bothered," said the captain angrily; "go to somebody else."

The man tried to speak to everybody on board the ship, but none could wait to hear what he had to say. At last he came to the captain again.

"Look here," said the captain, "I can tell you what to do when you want to say anything; you should sing it." Then suddenly, in a tragic voice, the man commenced to sing:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind.

The blooming cook's fell overboard and is twenty miles behind."

Dont's For Housewives

Have you a returned soldier in your home? And would you like him to be happy? Then follow this advice, approved by Colonel Woods, assistant to the Secretary of War.

Feed him well and you will make him happy. Give him good food, plain cooking and very fancy cooking. But remember that he has acquired certain inalienable hatreds.

Don't give him beans. Green beans are all right. But never give him the comedy beans.

Don't give him hash. Not even if he liked it before.

Don't give him corned beef. Not even in sandwiches or with eggs. When he was over there he called it "corned willie," "monkey meat," and "bully beef."

Don't give him bread pudding. He had a great deal too much of it.

Don't give him rice pudding. It will make

him think he is forcibly fed.

Don't give him powdered milk.

Don't give him Irish stew. He used to call it "slum" in the army. He no longer desires it.

Don't give him horse meat. You wouldn't anyway, but nevertheless---don't.

This leaves a number of pleasant dishes which you may serve him.---U. S. War Dept.

Father Was No Millionaire

"I will need a new pair of shoes father dear, before I leave for---!"

"I'm most awfully sorry my daughter, but if I buy you the shoes I can not afford to send you to the shore."

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.



Which Is It?

"Mamma, is a preacher's vacation for him, or for the people that go to church?"

The Autobiography of Nick Carter

Edited By D. Tecative

Part IV.



IN the early days, when I first went into the profession of detecting the demands on the detective were few and comparatively simple. He had to be a good gun man, well built physically and able to fight with either hand, both or none at all depending largely whether or not the hunted got the drop on the hunter. In those days the criminals were largely what is known now as "rough necks", men of no imagination, little education, depending mainly on brute strength and gas pipe for their success.

Naturally the methods of the criminals reflected themselves upon the methods of hunting them, and ability to fight, to shoot straight, were much more valuable than mere ability to deduct causes from effect. Gradually however the old order changed, detectives were required to think more, to know more and to be able to do more things than anyone not in the game can possibly imagine. First came the Bertillon System of identification and detectives needed to know Biometry in all its branches, and some of us could have given Darwin cards and spades in the matter of biological evolution and won the pot without laying down the cards. Then some one introduced the finger prints and again we had to learn a great deal and to memorize more than the average man ever thinks of doing. Personally I can recognize over 100,000 people by their finger print alone. The introduction of electricity, high explosive, automobiles and air planes has so revolutionize the profession of criminality that it now amounts to a high art.

I never regret that I was of the old rough and tumble school, for even now one occasionally meets with a man more forceful than subtle. But it is now a constant schooling in the sciences, a game of matching wits as exciting as a well played chess game and the only reason that the

detectives keep ahead of the "men wanted" is because they are able to out guess them, to see where a new invention may be used criminally and be prepared to meet it when it comes along. Frequently we can even figure out who in the criminal world will be the most likely to make use of it first. That has narrowed our investigations down to one of 3 or 4 well known men right at the start, and the rest is easy.

During the present war most of us were in the employ of the Government watching for spies and enemy aliens. Some got by for awhile, but if you have followed the papers you will realize that they were few and far between, and usually not for any great length of time. Why? It was the easiest work we have done. If a plant was blown up, we knew who was likely to do it, there was nothing subtle about it, the work was advertised in letters a foot high. All we had to do was go get him, and that was easy, almost as easy as seeing the ostrich hiding from you by sticking his head in the sand. Why? They all failed to account for the fact that the rest of the world had a modicum of human intelligence. I remember one man that was so German he couldn't have disguised it at all, he posed as a Frenchman, blew up a small plant in the Middle West, talked to the local reporters about the outrage and our 16 year old office boy went out and got him for us.

One man I shall never forget, he tried to use the force in a Western city as tools, and nearly succeeded, that is he thought he did, we took his money and planted bombs for him that never went off, corresponded with the rest of the outfit arranged meetings and then roped them in. They were much surprised, so much so that our benefactor remarked, "Ach, Himmel, they're nearly human, yes?"

Some day I suppose I shall come to the end of my rope, not that I am an old man at all, no one grows old these days, but I must admit that I enjoy the comparative quiet of the present day methods to those of my early days.

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20 per cent Discount to Soldiers

W. H. W. BAKER, Mgr.

**When Camp Wadsworth's Last Soldier Is
Reconstructed**

And the aides no longer are here
When the officers have long since departed
And raffia no longer doth cheer
We shall rest and by heck we shall need it,
Recline in some old willow chair
And live again our days of reconstruction
In South Carolina's cool balmy air.

And those that worked hard shall be happy,
They shall sit in the open air
And sip their tea from a saucer
And smooth back their silvery hair.
They shall see enlisted men from the windows,
Short ones and others so tall
They shall gaze so long at these creatures
And never grow tired at all.

And only Reconstruction Aides shall praise us
And only Reconstruction Aides shall blame
For did we not all work for money
And did we not all work for fame
But we rest now for the joy of resting
Long weary of regulations and rules.

We remember not the few late passes
Nor the checking up of all tools,
Forgotten too, are the furloughs
Granted to aides without pay,
At three cents a mile like civilians,
We could travel both night and day.

The Red Cross House, where we dared not loiter
Our heavy baskets which we carried alone,
The heroes that came back from battle
We hardly dared greet as our own
But some day we shall meet and be happy,
And each in a Ford tin can
Shall tour out over the country
By the side of an enlisted man.

"JOHNIE" Reconstruction Aide

Send a copy of **BIAND FORYU**
home. Patronize our advertisers.

Appointments In The Medical Corps

In connection with Circular No. 346, War Department, 1919, relative to appointments in the Medical Corps, permanent establishments, it is further announced that this examination will be held beginning Monday, August 25, 1919, and that consideration will not be given any application for examination which is not received in time to enable action to be taken on it by the Surgeon General prior to August 16, 1919.

The germ of love is a funny seed,
I hate it.

It satisfies no earthly need,
I hate it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean,
It's the worse darn stuff I've ever seen,
I HATE IT.

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of the Season's Prevailing Styles**

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Former Member Of Biand Foryu Staff Tells T. B. Goodbye

Detachment men of 42 and patients at this hospital who have had to remain here for some time remember Irving W. Chapman of Spokane, Wash. Chapman was in this hospital in May as a T. B. patient. Tho almost ready to fight for a discharge Chapman was always in a happy mood. He is now at home and is traveling for the Good-year Rubber and Tire Company. His letter of



July 22d, written to friends in the detachment, is Chapman all over and reads: "In the hope that you haven't forgotten me, I am enclosing some more nutty contributions. Am finally discharged now and am traveling for the Goodyear Rubber and Tire Company. I feel fit as a fiddle, weighing almost 200 pounds, so have kissed T. B. goodbye forever. Best regards to General Hospital No. 42, and all my many friends. S. 531 Scott Street, Spokane, Wash."



An' Facin' The Stage To!

Raw Recruit (to man at theater box office):
"I want a seat for your show tonight, but don't you set me too gosh darned near the stove."

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Ed V. Price & Co. Clothes

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Harry Price

116 E. Main Street

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"Back Home"

By Margaret Lukes

"Back home," the letter read, "since Friday---today is Monday---I've been in the blissful stage of one who fears he is dreaming and stirs cautiously to avoid a brutal awakening. I have been in the country long enough to know what to expect---but the first meal, the first night by the fireplace, the first sleep in my room, those were bits of the dream too delicate to handle."

The words are taken from a letter written by an American soldier who went to his home in New England after a year of service overseas, and then a long session in an army hospital here. I quote them because I believe they tell something important. The American boy believes in his home as he never believed in it before. And he is not ashamed to say so.

Girls---not all, boys, but most of them---have always been a bit addicted to home. But the average young man. Home, say long about January, 1917? A place to keep your alarm clock, to get some of your meals, part of your mail, and a few of your 'phone calls.

"What?" said father to his sprightly first-born, "out again tonight?" And that was you all over, now honestly, wasn't it? Up the stairs and into the dress suit with the powder on the right lapel; or if it wasn't that kind of a date, whisk, whisk, with the whisk broom and out of the glass of water with the white carnation. Sort of an off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan performance. Somehow home was too gentle an occupation.

And now? But as the New England soldier wrote, the dream is too delicate to handle. Each boy who jumped into khaki at the nation's call and rode away to war, whether he ever got there or not, knows what home means to him now. And he is not ashamed to say so. Gentleness is part of the soldier's code.

And now comes the postscript which is always the most important thing a woman writes. You know what home means to you, boys, but

here is our side of the story. You don't know what you mean to home. There is another way of saying this, and I am going to say it because all around my typewriter there seem to be hidden voices urging me to make the best of my little visit. They are mother voices, sister and sweet-heart voices, but their message is all the same.

"Please do everything they tell you to do to get well so you'll be home that much sooner to the women who are waiting for you."

Thank you Miss Lukes. Whatever is necessary to bring about that visit to you and the other women as soon as possible---we are going to do.

What's the use of Booze?
There is for everybody a place
In life, alike for weak and strong,
And if you fail, it's not "hard luck,"
It is because you have been wrong.
It is the way you choose;
Just say, what good is there in booze.

---The Hustler.

The New York Restaurant

*For bite or sup of food the best
The New York Restaurant
stands the test,
Of delicacies there is no end
And coffee--just the finest
blend,
Mark well the name--
your friends relate
It's the best in town
and up-to-date.*

120 Magnolia Street
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Victory Minstrels Make Hit

Successful Presentation At Spartanburg August 4th Brings Dates In Hendersonville and Greenville August 16 - 17.

"Oh! Oswald, wasn't it wonderful?

"Wonderful was no name for it old dear, it was absolutely mag-mag-it can't be said Clarice.

"And just think the boys did it, all, everything, from sweeping out to dropping the last curtain.

"And now we'll have to tell Fifi all about it, for the poor dear couldn't go.

"Listen Fifi, those Victory Minstrels that were pulled off in the Harris Theater Monday



This is They.

night, August 4th, and take my word for it old dear they just brought out all the old gray backed spiders to see what it was all about. When the curtain rose there was Old Harry in the whitest of white trousers, 12 of duckiest men seen around these parts in many moons and 4 of the niftiest, blackest end men in minstrel-land. Callahan, Taylor, Diack and Bailey just kept up a patter that made both the police and fire in-

spectors go out with broad grins and hearty chuckles. And when a policeman laughs, there's a reason."

Nieman oh! memories of Frisco, without the cigar, really we could all be happy seeing that boy dance all night.

Then "Connie" James took us to the depths with "Asleep In The Deep." "Old dear" Roland staggered out and sang "How Are You Going To Wet Your Whistle," so realistically, really that the ushers had to restrain the policemen. The old boy doesn't know how nearly he missed being detained by the authorities that night.

Morgan jazzed a couple on the saxophone and Fifi I know you'd be wild about jazz music for there's something in the tone of a saxophone--- oh boy!

Brobst that jolly, good looking corporal we see at General Mess sang "Salvation Lassie of Mine" but we would never have recognized him in his makeup. Ah! but he couldn't disguise his voice.

A chorus by the entire cast and then they gave us ten minutes intermission. I really was suffering for a cigarette and Clarice needed some ice water but can you imagine there wasn't a drink in the house. And while we were fussing---

The curtain rose and Bill Nieman was back with his musical mouth. That boy goes from one extreme to the other.

A woodland scene was disclosed to view, we closed our eyes and imagined Ann Pennington and the Fairbanks Twins prancing out to entertain. What we saw was a beauty of Spartan mould but an "anesthetic dancer" nevertheless. And Clarice if you'll pardon the mention of the fact "she" displayed the most attractive tights. "Oh Oswald how could you--" "But unless you were told, Fifi, you would never guess that 'she' was a man." And when we were introduced to Corp. Crocker after the show we were quite shocked to find that he was also one of the Klassy

KomedY Kids who made a hit in a song and dance number.

They surely were the nifty nuts,
And looked as if they owned a Stutz
They danced and sang and spread some joy
While the cast prepared for Oh Boy---

"Opening Days in Camp Wadesworth," the rip roaring farce that showed intimate little views of Ward 21 where Taylor the "Wop Orderly" and "Hard Boiled" Callahan, Ward master, two attractive nurses, (we want tell you who they are but see if you can guess) and

Sykes, (we don't know his rank - Major at least) ward surgeon, who located the heart near his patients toes and four very unruly patients.

"Did they put it over Fifi?" Well I guess yes old thing---it went big--- if you had seen how the Colonel, the Adjutant, the Chief Nurse and the boys enjoyed that last scene. Really your question is preposterous.

But I'm not finished, it was so good that the boys are going to take the show to Hendersonville this Saturday and to Greenville, Sunday. That's your chance for its some show---surest thing you know.



We Want to Tell "You All"--



Sgt. 1cl. Owassa Jennings of the Reconstruction Dept. was transferred on the 2nd to U. S. Army General Hospital No. 3, Colonia, N. J.

Corporals McElligott, Bixler and Frizzell are the "big three" when it comes to traveling this month. Each have had two trips this month.

Sgt. 1cl. Wm. B. Ladig has returned after a trip to Florida. After five days in the rays of "Old Sol" he is quite tanned.

Sgt. 1cl. F. Bruns is spending fifteen days in New York.

Sgt. Reisner has returned from furlough.

Pvt. Price has returned from Branch, La.

On the 5th Sgt. 1cl. Weidler and Corp. Walsworth boarded the 6:10 train with Pvt. 1cl. Altman, Artale, Callahan, Danico, Diack, Gaffner, Osgood, Powers, Shapiro, Schloz, Pvts. Bartalomei Mulroy, Peck and Richman, bound for Camp Upton, N. Y., for discharge. We don't know but we doubt if there was much sleeping done where "the minstrel three" held forth. Pvt. 1cl. Long and Moreland went to Camp Shelby, Miss. and Pvt. Angelo to Camp Dix, N. J.

Thirty men of the Detachment left Tuesday on the 6.10 for various northern demobilization centers where they will be discharged. About the same number are leaving today. It is getting to be a question as to who will have to stay rather than who will go.

The Horrid Thing

The gold-chevroned lad met a sweet lady in the park. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "tell me about your experiences I do so much want to learn something about cootiest are they as wonderful as they say?"

"Well," said the Kaiser-getter, "a cootie is a great little beast, and easily trained---wait, I'll show you. (Picks cootie from O. D. shirt) "Here now, Fritz, show the lady how you can stand up. Now dance, 'ata boy, Fritz. Here now, make a long jump." Cootie jumps and lands on lady's blouse.

"Gracious me!" she screams. "Take him off me; here!" and hands the cootie back to soldier, who continues:

"Now, Fritz, do a somersault." But the cootie remains motionless in his palm. "This is a mistake," he exclaims. "Give me back my own."---Ontario Post.

Hear Around The Fort

"Have you submitted your limerick yet?"
 "No, but I am going to, right away!"
 Would you care to hear it?"
 "Shoot, I'm helpless."
 "Most of the privates at large
 If offered the title of 'sarg,'
 Would exclaim, 'Not for me,
 For the chevron, you see,
 That I'll wear will be for my discharge.'"---
 Fort Porter Reporter.

"Plutocrats"

Sing a song of o' thirty bucks,
 A soldier's heart is gay,
 When he salutes the gentleman
 Who peddles out his pay!
 Fifteen for allotment goes,
 War risk seven dollars,
 Eight for bonds---now figure what is left of \$30.
 ---Up Grade.

"Arch Preserver" Shoes Are Best for Nurses.

Scientifically constructed to correct and prevent all foot troubles, fallen arches, flat feet, etc.

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J. E. THOMAS, Mgr.
 SPARTANBURG, S. C.

A Model Citizen



MODEL citizen is well informed---educated in the principles of government; he is a good neighbor---ever considerate of the health, comfort and safety of those with whom he is associated; he is intelligently industrious---skilled and active in some useful employment.

He bears his part of the expenses of government. He consults his neighbors concerning the public welfare, promotes their frequent assembling together to consider matters of common concern, and is well posted in regard to the conduct of officers who administer law and government.

He does not seek office for which he is unfitted; but he does not shirk public duty when his country needs his service, in peace or in war. In this service he is faithful and brave. As judge or juror he is not controlled by "fear, favor, or affection, reward or the hope of reward." He does not accept employment which is inconsistent with his duty as a citizen.

He is friend of the poor, of widows and of orphans---the champion of the oppressed. He is visitor of captives---swift to inquire into the cause of their imprisonment, watchful of the condition of the places where they are confined, and of the character and conduct of those who have them in custody.

He is law abiding---keeps the law himself and is ready to assist in its enforcement. As taxpayer and voter, the supporter and constitutional master of all public servants, he assumes his share of responsibility for the administration of government.---Peele's Civil Government of North Carolina and the United States.

Jobs That Fit

Washington, August 15th.---Disabled soldiers, sailors and marines, and the Federal Board for Vocational Education are looking for the job that satisfies not only because of the sufficient wage but because the nature of the work is suitable to the worker. That there are a wide variety of talents among the men who apply for training is indicated by the more than 200 different occupations chosen by them. Public speaking and road repairing, detective work, and window trimming, fish culture and theology appeal to different types, but they are all among the courses chosen.

One of the most popular of the monographs prepared by the Federal Board for Vocational Education for the presentation of trades and occupations suitable for disabled soldiers is the one recently issued on the practice of optometry. The brief period of training, as compared to that required in other professions, the demand for optometrists and the pleasant and helpful nature of the work commend it to disabled soldiers who possess the educational background required for the course.

Many industries depend to a certain extent upon metal workers either directly or indirectly. Disabled soldiers realizing this have chosen this course and 318 are preparing for some one of the metal trades.

The high cost of shoes persuades many people to repair the old ones - and 25 are preparing for shoemakers and repairers; 88 re-educated soldiers will soon be ready to do their part on the new houses to be erected in response to the "own your home" campaign, and 283 disabled men will soon be fitted to tinker with the automobiles of their towns.

When is a replacement not a replacement?
When it is in the Educational Department.



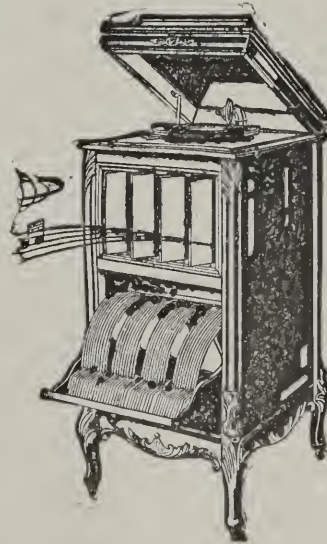
I leave it to you men, which style is the nattiest.

Overheard At The Post Exchange

Detachment Man: "How much are your silver service stripes?"

Clerk: "Twenty-five cents a stripe."

Detachment Man: "I wouldn't wear one stripe and I think four stripes look much prettier than two. Give me four, please."---Trouble Buster.



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Hygiene In Pictures

"Come Clean," a three and one-half reel picture designed to teach oral hygiene, will shortly be produced for the benefit of the army by the Army Medical Museum. The picture was made under the supervision of Major Leonard G. Mitchell, D. C. of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. The picture is the outgrowth of oral hygiene lectures delivered to officers and men at the Army Medical Museum.

Pvt. Tom Merrill as the center of the picture is being ridiculed for brushing his teeth. Some of his buddies hide his brush and a fistic encounter ensues after which Tom explains why he takes good care of his teeth.

Views of several wards at Walter Reed Hospital are shown including cases of joint arthritis with swollen joints, heart disease and appendicitis with complications, growing out of neglect of

teeth. The picture then takes up the scientific part, showing why and how infection from pyorrhea and abscessed teeth reaches and infects various parts of the body, producing various diseases, the infection being shown on its way by the use of animated drawings.

Surgeon General Ireland and the chiefs of various sections of the Army Medical Department witnessed the first showing of this picture and heartily endorsed it. Copies of the films will be sent to demobilization camps and be made available for organizations desiring to use them in campaigns for the care of the teeth.

The film will be circulated from the Army Medical Museum to which applications for its use should be made.

For civilian distribution application should be made to the Division of Educational Extension, Visual Instruction Section, Interior Department.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Disabled Soldiers Training In Home States

Washington, August 15.---In schools, colleges and shops of forty-two of the forty-eight states disabled men are preparing for new vocations or for more suitable occupation in the old ones. Educational institution in forty different states are cooperating with the Federal Board for Vocational Education in giving re-education courses to wounded or sick soldiers, and training in the trade itself is in progress in commercial and

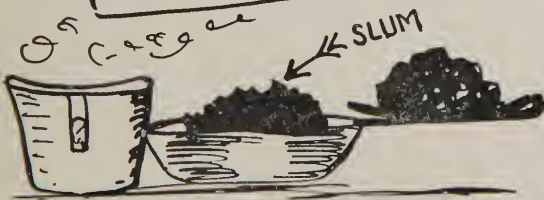
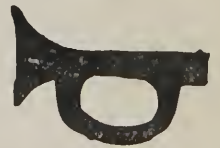
industrial institution of 26 states. In addition to the 5,800 men now in training at these institutions of learning and in the shops, the Federal Board has placed without training 4,911 discharged soldiers. As the rapid progress of the work of re-training disabled men continues there will probably be no states and few institutions within the states that will not count at least a few of the disabled soldiers, sailors or marines among their students.



July 4 1919
 Pvt. I. M. A. Buck has leave of
 Absence from 4 P.M. till 10 P.M.
 Ridem Hard
 Capt. M.C.



DETAIL BULLETIN
 K.P.
 K.P.
 ORDERLY
 COOK
 KP
 GUARD
 GUARD



These Mean
 Nothing in my Life
 NOW — CHAPMAN.

Thomas---Rainville

On August 6th Miss Rhita Rebbecca Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Thomas of Spartanburg, became the bride of Hospital Sergeant Horace Ben Rainville of General Hospital No. 42. The wedding ceremony was impressively conducted by Chaplain Stipe at the home of the bride. A large number of the friends of the bride and groom among the people of Spartanburg and the soldiers at camp were present. After the ceremony, while refreshments of cream, cake and punch were being served and everybody was congratulating the bride and groom, Sgts. Cornelius James, Rowland Flanders and Tom Sykes and Corporal Brobst delighted those present by singing just what the happy crowd wanted to hear.

The cooks at the General Mess took the opportunity of expressing their appreciation to their boss by presenting the bride with a beautiful cut glass water set and the noncommissioned officers at the hospital gave a silver set.

The happy couple, after August 21st, for the time being at least, will make their home at Spartanburg. They are now visiting the grooms parents at Boston.

The men of the Detachment join friends of the bride and groom in Spartanburg in wishing them a happy and prosperous life.

The New Army

Universal military training for all youths of nineteen years of age, and the maintainance of a standing army of 510,000 men, which in the event of war would be expanded to 1,250,000 by the boys who had been through the three month compulsory training, are the features of the army reorganization bill sent to Congress by Secretary of War Baker. The reserve strength would fill out the war army to its capacity of twenty infantry divisions and one cavalry division, into which it is proposed to divide the Regular Army.

The nineteen year old youths would be

registered under a system similar to that used under the Selective Service System of the National Army, which would include also Hawaii and Porto Rico.

The abolition of the Inspector General's office is proposed, the secretary stating that it is clear that the inspection of purely military training ought to be centralized and carried out under the direction of the general staff.

A Lieutenant's Experience

Where are you going, my pretty maid?

I'm going to Spartanburg, sir, she said

May I go with you, my pretty maid?

Are you an officer, sir? she said.

I am an officer, my pretty maid;

Then are you unmarried, sir, she said;

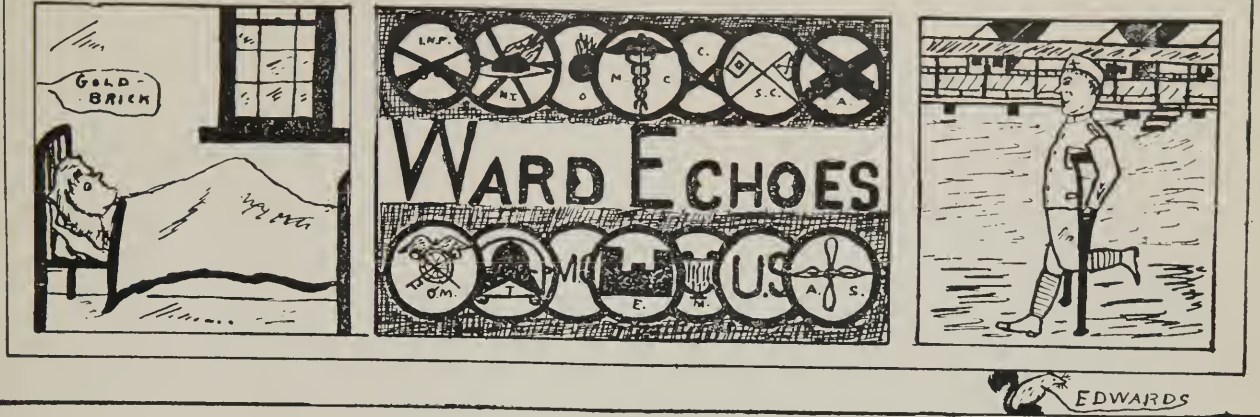
I am unmarried, my pretty maid;

Then you may come, kind sir, she said.

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Paul Harbin, Ward 28, being unable temporarily to go to his home, is fortunate in having his home come to him. For some days the felicity of Mrs. Harbin's presence has been making life at the hospital livable for Harbin.

William Faircloth, Ward 28, not only occasionally eschews his downy cot these days, but also rolls about in his chair and even braves a few steps with a righthanded cane. Faircloth has been inveigled by one of the fair aides into weaving something. It should be pretty "fair cloth" when you finish it, Faircloth.

On Saturday, August 9th, Mr. Frank Thomas of Newport, Ohio, ended a visit of some days duration with his son, Con. Thomas, of Ward 20. Mr. Thomas was entertained at the Red Cross Convalescent House while he was here.

On Tuesday, August 5th, Mrs. Frank McGee's Circle of the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church of Spartanbug drove up to Ward 20 in two cars, unloaded several huge baskets and spread out in the ward a most prodigious feed for the boys. There was everything from soup to nuts and plenty to spare.

Up in Ward 27 or 28 or somewhere in that neck of the woods there is a man by the name of Flower. What his first name is, whose herbarium he hails from, of what species of flora he

is we do not know. From his size and sex we take him to be a sun-flower.

On Tuesday, August 12th, Private G. F. McDonald who did stenographic work for so long in the receiving wards and his wife who was ill in the nurses ward for some months departed for St. Paul, Minn. Mac is thru with the army. Here's hoping his wife will soon be thru with hospitals.

"Han't It The Truth"

Said a chap in an off-handed way,
To a damsel so lovely and gay,
"I wonder if I

Had the heart to apply
For a kiss, would I get it or nay?"

Then the maiden with cunning replied,
"Such requests should be always denied;
It is safest and best

To defer your request;
At least until after you've tried.

Wild Women.

Girls were once like clinging vines,
They'd snuggle up to you,
And smile, and lisp, and sweetly ask
And beg you to be true.

But now Mamie no longer clings,
She's lost her smile and pout,
And if you are not careful, sir,
She'll up and knock you out.



The Misses Neal, Grayson and Kontny have recently returned from furlongs.

Changes in the uniform of the Army Nurse Corps are announced in War Department Regulations. With the white or navy blue outdoor uniform waist there will be worn a plain black silk tie, tied in four-in-hand style and a plain gold or gilt bar pin to hold the points of the collar in position.

Nurses at present enjoying leaves are the Misses Hamilton, Frey, Brooks, Hughs, Thayer, Trump and Branch.

Nurses recently reporting here for duty from other posts are Misses Lee, Graney, Rawlinson and Louthan, also Mrs. Erickson and Mrs. Blackley.

The following Aides spent the week end of August 9th and 10th at Hendersonville and Chimney Rock: Misses Hobbs, C. and H. Baker and Hollowell. The trip and visit were much enjoyed by each member of the party.

Misses Childs and Baum, Aides, enjoyed the same week end at Tyron, N. C., and Miss Langford at her home in Woodruff, S. C.

On Thursday evening August 7th, a musicale was in the Nurses Recreation Hall by Mrs. Turner and three of her pupils. This was followed by a hop on the out-door stand at the Convalescent Home.

Miss Johnson, Aide, spent the week end of August 2nd and 3rd at Columbia.

Aides, Misses Hallett, Geary and Hogg, having resigned from the Reconstruction Department, left here the end of July to follow their occupational pursuits in civilian life. Prior to their leaving, in their honor, Miss Hobbs, Chief Aide, entertained the Aides at an evening luncheon at the nurses Recreation Hall.

During the past two weeks the following nurses have obtained their discharge from the service, and have returned to their respective homes: The Misses Henrichsen, Kilgus, Woodbridge, Smith, Venman, Phillips and Holbrook.

Favorite Expressions Heard In The Educational Department

I have a civilian to replace me.
When do you expect to go home?
My papers have been disapproved.
Don't let the major catch you in the can-
teen.---Up Grade.

Glynn: You're a good swimmer, Collins?
Collins: Yes, certainly. Why?
Glynn: Which swim do you consider the most difficult?

Collins: My swim through military chan-
nels.---Ontario Post.

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Say it with flowers;---

If a message of love to send,
Just say it with flowers;---

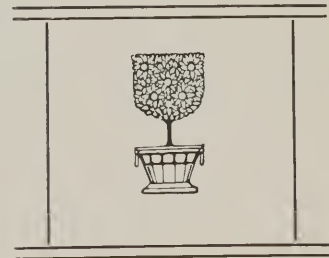
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The Thor Electric Washing Machine will do a good size washing in an hour, at a cost of only 2 cents for electricity.

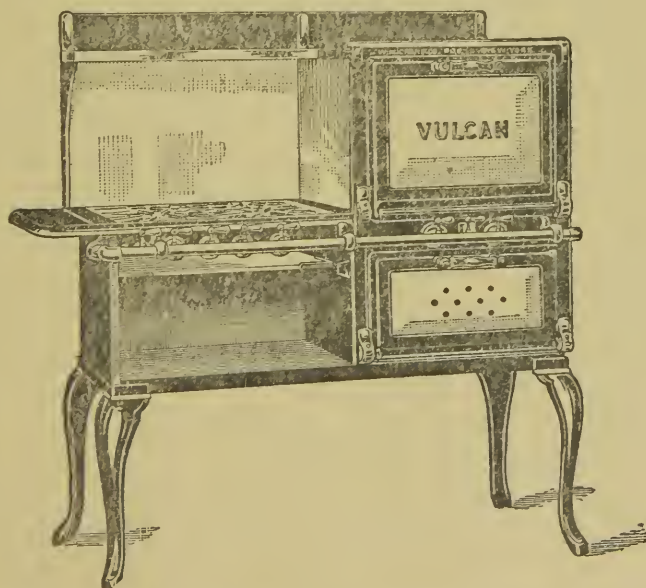
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Life's Little Things

By C. G. Miller

Today is a small space --- only a lightening rift in the dark, but of all the uncharted ocean of eternity it is all that is really ours.

A wild bird's song is a little thing --- faint in the deeps of the morning sky, and yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody, earth's green is brighter and life is sweeter through all the livelong day.

A blooming rose is a little thing --- its glow soon fades and its scent is gone, but earth's wise men from Solomon down, can't tell whence it comes or whither it goes, though it mellows the heart and sweetens the soul.

A passing smile is a little thing --- eclipsed by the gloom of toil and care, and yet the heart with woe oppressed, and the life grown weary with burdens hard, is happier far in the afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind.

The coo of babes is a little thing --- capricious sounds from minds, but it's the one thing all nations heed; the common tongue that all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing --- too soon, alas! forgot, yet it typifies to blind humankind the tenderness of love divine that bears with patience, calm and sweet, the willful wrong in these lives of ours.

A kindly word is a little thing --- a breath that goes and a sound that dies but the heart that gives and the heart that hears knows that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song, the lullaby and the coo of babes, in what men call the celestial choir, in the incense breath and the rose-glow smile of the heavenly to-day.

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